Prin. How ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Po. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to faile; & then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themſelues, which they ſhall haue no ſooner atchieued, but we ele ſet vpon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they will know vs by our horſes, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our ſelues.

Po. Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we wil change after we leaue them: and ſirra, I haue caſes of buckorum for the none, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they wil be too hard for vs.

Poy. Well, for two of them I know them to be as true bred cowardes as euer turnd back: & for the third, if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon, Ile forſweare armes. The vertue of this ieſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this ſame fat rogue will tel vs when we meete at ſupper, how thirty at leaſt hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this lies the ieſt.

Prin. Wel, Ile go with thee, prouide vs al thinges neceſſary, and meet me to morrow night in Eaſtcheape, there Ile ſuppe: farewell.

Po. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poines.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humor of your Idleneſſe
Yet herein wil I immitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother vp his beauty from the world,
That when he pleaſe againe to be himſelfe,
Being wanted he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foule and vgly miſts
Of vapours that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeere were playing holy daies,
To ſport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht for come,
And nothinge pleaſeth but rare accidents:
So when this looſe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promiſed,

By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright mettell on a ſullen ground,
My reformation glittering or'e my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no foile to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke leaſt I will. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, Sir Walter Blunt with others.

King. My blood hath beene too colde and temperate
Vnapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you haue found me, for accordingly
You tread vpon my patience, but be ſure
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelfe,
Mighty, and to be feard, then my condition
Which hath beene ſmooth as oyle, ſoft as yong downe,
And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoule nere payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my ſoueraigne Liege) little deſerues
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be vſed on it,
And that ſame greatnes too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make ſo portly. *Nor.* My Lord

King. Worceſter get thee gone, for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye,
O ſir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maieſtie might neuer yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſeruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
Your vſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to ſpeake.

Nort. Yea my good Lord,
Thoſe priſoners in your Highnes name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon tooke.
Were as he ſayes, not with ſuch ſtrength denied,
As is deliuered to your Maieſty,
Either enuy therefore, or miſpriſion
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſonne.